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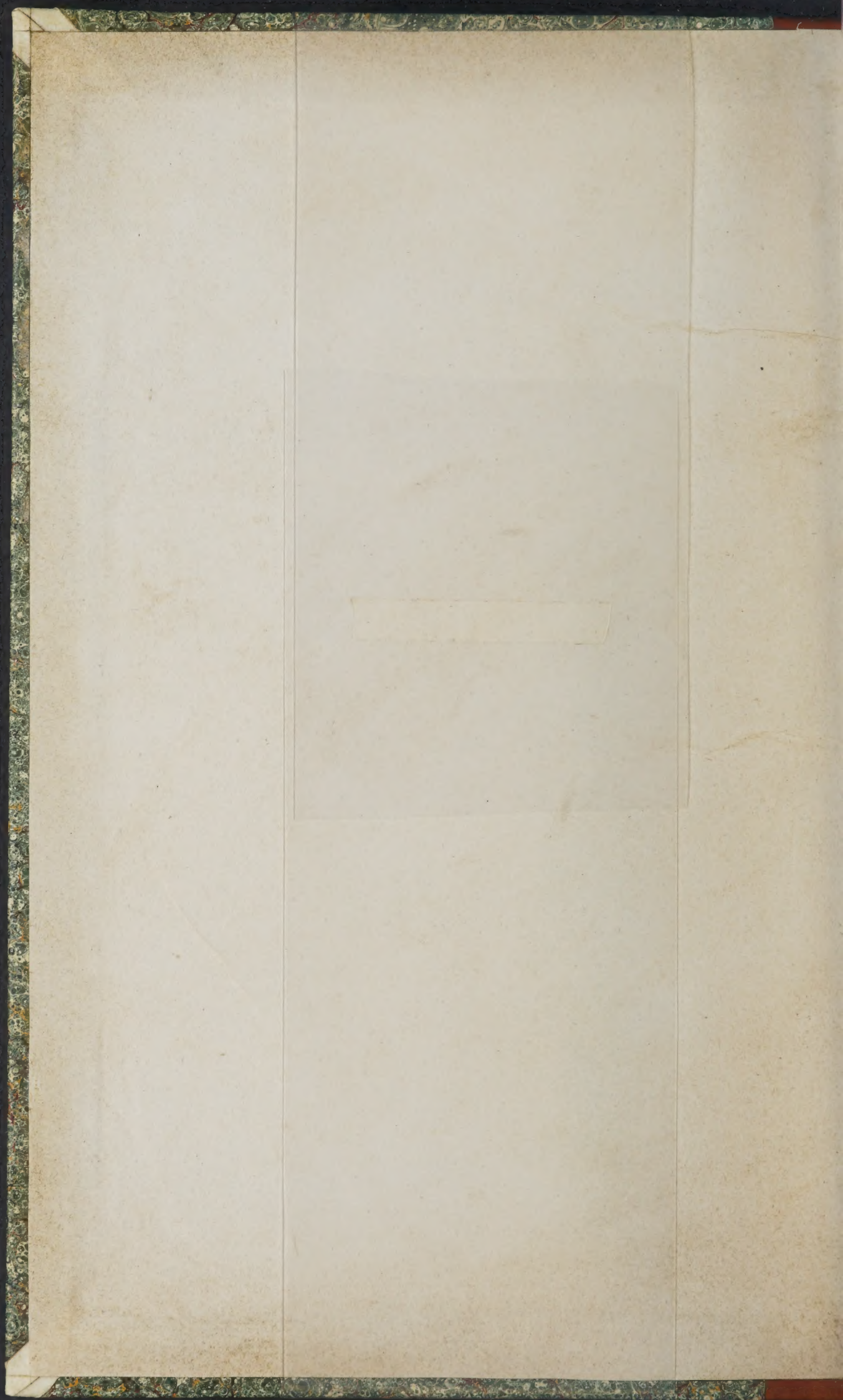
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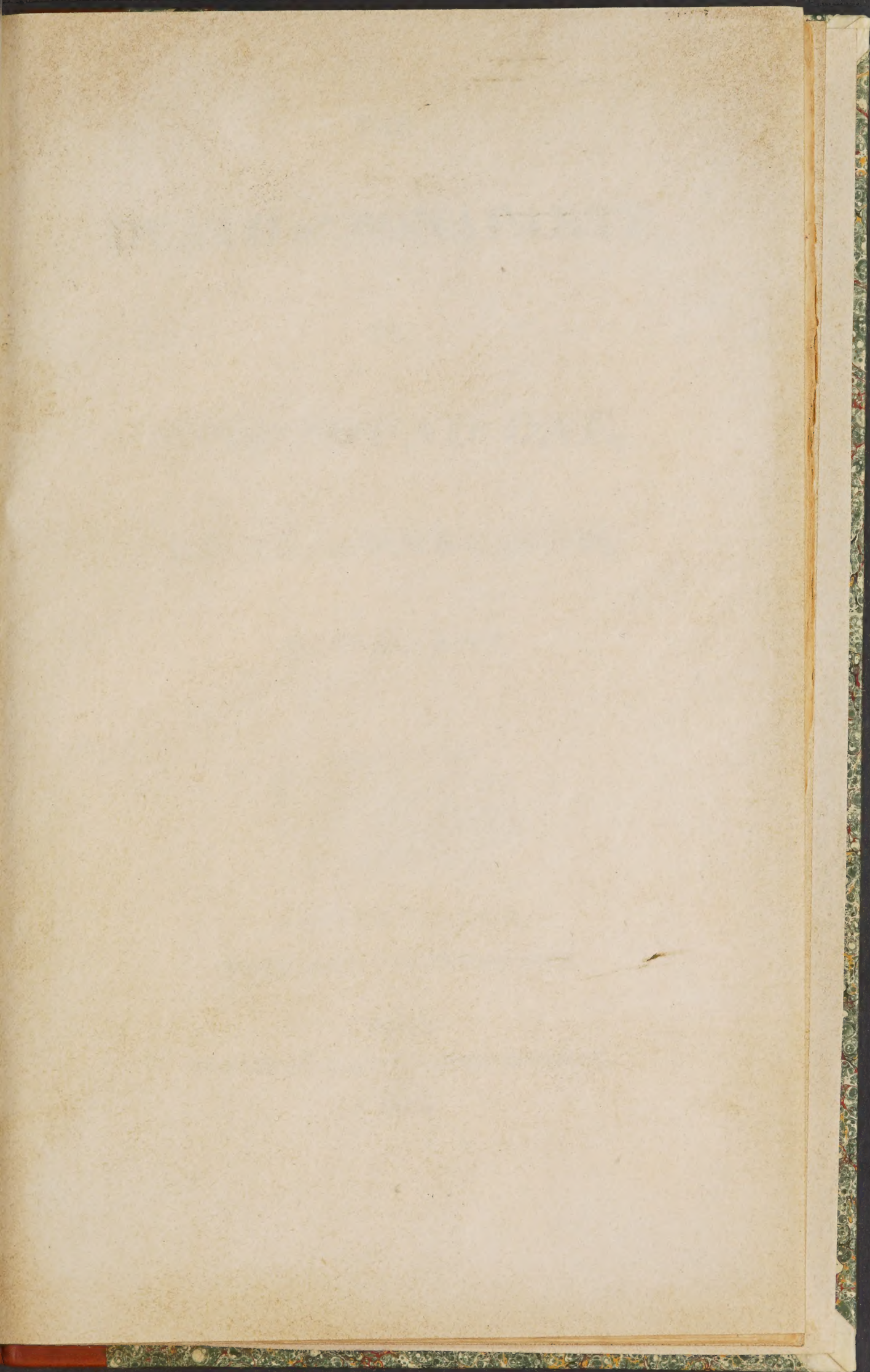
BONAPARTE

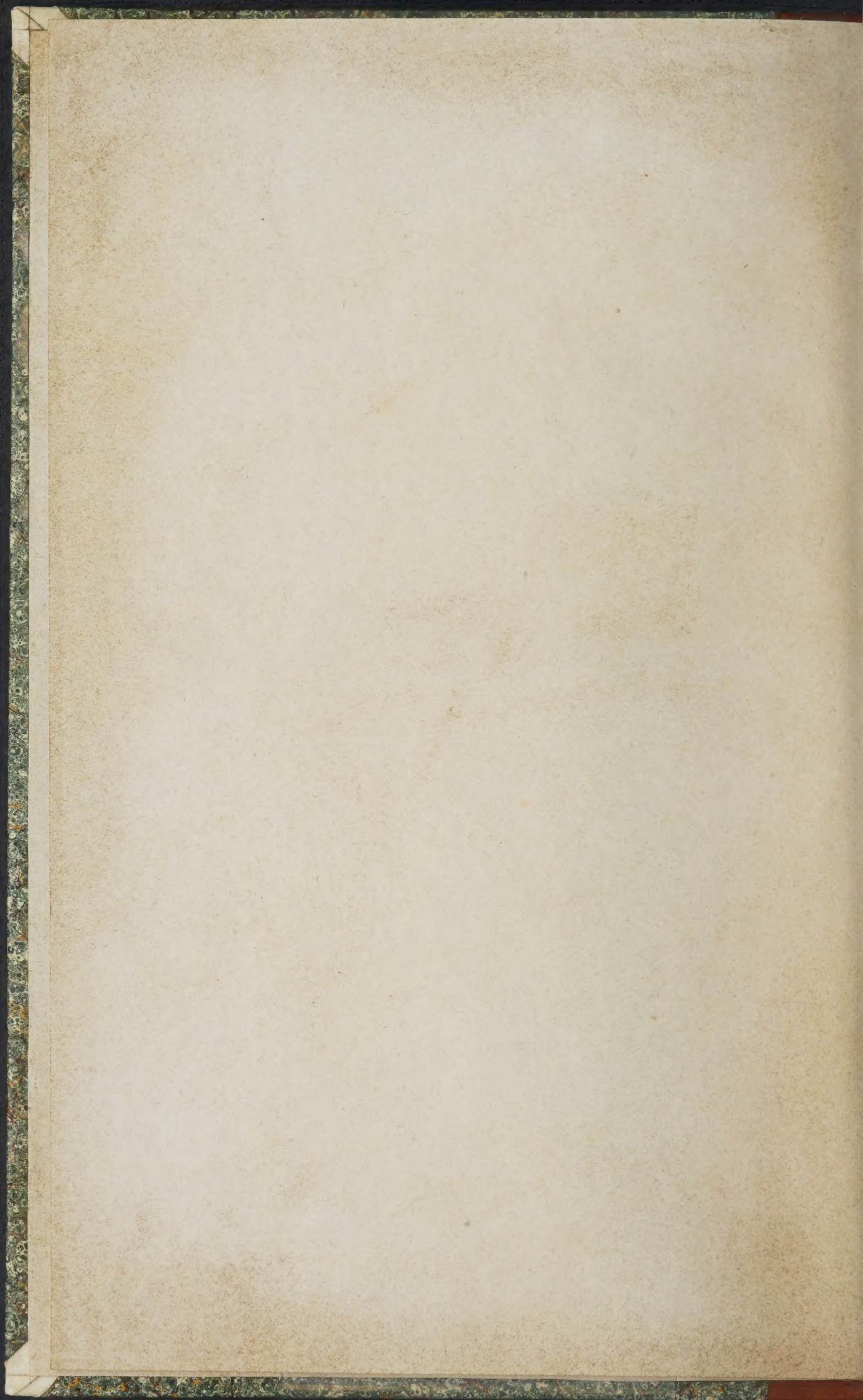












THE
DEATH of BONAPARTE,

OR,

ONE POUND ONE.

A POEM, in FOUR CANTOS,

By CERVANTES.

—♦—
O! had I PETER PINDAR's skill,
That wond'rous clever Poet,
How freely would I use my quill,
That all the World might know it,
—♦—

Price ONE SHILLING.

YORK:

PRINTED BY L. LUND, LITTLE-STONEGATE,

1812.

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*Invocation to the Muses—The Poet describeth a great House
he never saw—Praiseth the Wine and Wit of its Knightly
Owner—Deplores his own Deficiency in the Art of
Flattery—Breaks out into a violent Philippic—and
concludeth with praising his own Work.*

CANTO I.

MUSE of the mighty soul, descend
And stand by me, and be my friend;
Assist me, all ye Powers of Rhime,
For lo! my subject is *sublime*.

'Twas on that spot,—'pshaw! that's too fine,
Bring me another glass of wine;
The Muse, perchance, may like a treating,
Far better than an empty greeting;
Since wine does wonders, all allow it,
Why may it not make me a Poet?

Now strike the lyre in lofty strain,
 O Muse! and try your luck again.
 Some twenty miles from York, I ween,
 A stately mansion may be seen,
 (Tho', by the Mass! I freely own,
 Whether 'tis built of brick or stone,
 Whether it stands on hill or vale,
 Or front or backside to the gale,
 I cannot say, since I ne'er saw it,
 But *courtesy* so makes me draw it,)
 Whose Owner is a man of metal,
 A "Prime-bang" judge of hounds and cattle,
 With riches to a great extent,
 And fills a seat in Parliament:
 Besides, 'tis said this worthy Knight
 Can read—and something more—can write:
 How glorious 'twould be for the nation,
 Were all men like him in his station;
 Then Bonaparte would have no chance,
 As they might *hunt* him out of France.
 O! were the powers of Pindar mine,
 How would I praise his wit and wine;
 How feast in fancy at his board,
 With venison and good things stor'd!
 Tho', by the bye, I never tasted
 His wine, nor heard the wit he wasted:
 But not to me is flattery given,
 Comes it a gift from h—ll or heaven;

Ah! woe is me! a luckless sinner,
I ne'er shall by it gain a dinner,
Now for my tale, and foul befall
The man who does not read it *all*,
But cocks his glass, and throws it by,
With "d—n it, Sir, 'tis all my eye!"
Harkee! my criticising spark,
And mark me well, Sir, Mark! Sir, Mark!
My tale has merit, I avow it,
And therefore I'll proceed to shew it.

The Poet introduceth five Gentlemen doing well—Slightly toucheth on the Abstinence of the Clergy—Makes a handsome Apology to the Ladies for turning them out, and promiseth to remember them the next time—Exulteth that Churchmen are so free from Bigotry—Entereth upon Politics and Betting—and endeth with an Oration.

CANTO II.

A FEW years since it did befall,
 At this said Mansion, House, or Hall,
 Four neighb'ring Gentlemen were met,
 To eat and drink, and—and—all that;
 Two of them guzzled, nothing loth,
 As Gem'men should do of the cloth,
 (For any shoe-black's boy can tell ye,
 A Rector's G—d is in his belly;)
 The other two were Laymen stout,
 And did their duty, I've no doubt.
 But now suppose the cloth withdrawn,
 The Ladies vanish'd one by one.
 (Forgive me, gentle fair ones, pray,
 For rudely sending ye away,
 Without one line upon your beauty,
 The next time I'll do *double duty*,
 And not content to clear this score,
 Each separate grace and charm *encore*.)
 Briskly the bottle passes round,
 And quips, and cracks, and jokes abound;

O! 'tis a pleasing sight to see
 Our Priests so clear from bigotry;
 That in the pulpit they can shew off
 And out of it, Religion throw off:
 O! happy, happy, happy nation,
 Whose Clergy so become their station!
 Forgive me, Reader, this digression,
 There are *some* good of the profession.
 The wine now rising to their sconces,
 Burst forth in questions and responses,
 Thus oft I've seen in * ROBEY'S shop
 A bottle of Imperial Pop,
 Which, instantly the cork is out,
 Phizzes, and smokes, and flies about:
 The liquor fled, the spirit gone,
 Nought then remains but dull cold stone.
 Haste, friend, and put thy cap of wit on,
 The application thou wilt hit on.
 At length one theme their minds all fix,
 The labyrinth of politics,
 That road so twining, twisting, twirling,
 Which sets so many heads a-whirling,
 Who else (God help them for their pains)
 Would make good shavers, had they brains.
 "I hope," cries one, with voice so hearty,
 "I hope they'll do that Bonaparte;
 "Dam'me, if I was they—I'd mill him;
 "Yes, d—n his little soul, I'd kill him."

* A fashionable Morning Lounge at High Harrogate.

The Reverend * Shylock rais'd his head,
 "That's not so easy done as said;
 "He's game, Sir—game, Sir—every inch,
 "A true game-cock will never flinch."
 At this Sir M——, their great commander,
 Turn'd red as any salamander;
 Then chang'd again as pale as death,
 "I'll take—I'll take—a little breath,"
 He faintly cried, "I—I— shall throttle,
 "Oh! bring the bottle—bottle—bottle."
 The Knight then took a copious swig,
 Then hemm'd, and cough'd, and look'd so big—
 Again he cried, "I'll take—I'll take
 "One hundred guineas, as a stake,
 "From any Gentleman, and pay
 "To him one guinea day per day,
 "Till Bonaparte, that scoundrel—scum—
 "Is dead, and gone to *kingdom come*."
 Now all the company did stare,
 Like rustics at a city fair,
 When Signior Mountebank gives *gratis*,
 From love to all his fellow-creatures,
 Packets cramm'd full of pills and plasters,
 Sure remedies for all disasters,
 And in return is *only* paid
 Some half-crown each—for duty laid.

* Reader, do not mistake this for *Sherlock*; light and dark are not more opposite.

But Shylock, who was up to snuff,
 Cried, "Done! Sir, done! enough! enough!"
 Again Sir M——'s cheeks bloom'd like roses,
 He scowl'd as Pharaoh did on Moses,
 His forehead redder than red ochre,
 And fiery as the kitchen poker;
 The other Gem'men, in a pet,
 With one accord, cried, "'Tis no bet!"
 But whether 'twas these noisy fellows
 Bellow'd from conscience, or were jealous,
 Thinking the Parson he had tipt
 A *good thing*, they themselves had slipt;
 As an impartial writer ought,
 I'll leave it to my Reader's thought.
 The Reverend Jockey check'd their chatter,
 And parley'd thus upon the matter:
 "As to the wager, tho' ye scout it,
 "That it's a fair one, who can doubt it;
 "Yet still, as peace is my profession,
 "It shall be off, upon concession."
 "Concession! what! Sir, here—at home, Sir!
 "No, Sir!—not to the Pope of Rome, Sir!
 "Would I concede in mine own house!
 "Indeed I'm not so tame a mouse;
 "I can afford, Sir, well to pay, Sir,
 "For any thing I do or say, Sir;
 "Know, Sir, I disregard your scoff,
 "And won't ask pardon to be off,"

Thus spake the Knight, so eloquent,
Then glanc'd his eye with self-content,
To enjoy the silent admiration,
Resulting from his bright oration;
The Parson held his tongue-rein tight,
And soon they parted for the night.

*The Poet complains of his Muse—The Knight makes a
wonderful Discovery—Comes to a final Determination
—Makes an offer to the Parson, who refuseth it—and
threateneth to apply to the * Wise Men of the South.*

CANTO III.

READER! my Muse is almost jaded,
Indeed, poor beast, she's heavy laded;
And yet, the devil take these asses,
They climb so slowly up Parnassus,
And are so cursedly encroaching,
Besides require such mighty coaxing.
But to my tale:—I think I said
They all went home—of course to bed.
Now, we'll suppose they rose again
Quite sober, steady, alter'd men;
Sir M—— would doubtless fume and fret,
And Shylock chuckle at his bet.
However, as I *hate* digression,
I'll stick quite closely to the question.
Shylock, as keen as any shark,
Enclos'd the *monies* to Sir M——;
For which the Knight, so very knightly,
Return'd his compliments politely;
And, to prevent all idle tales,
Paid daily ONE POUND ONE, per *Wales*.

* The Jockey Club at Newmarket.

Now three years Mother Earth had run
 Her usual course around the Sun,
 When lo! the Knight's mind's eye began
 To look into his inward man;
 That is, into his knightly scull,
 So full of brains—so *very* full:
 This was the burden of his song,
 “I’ve acted very, very wrong;
 “Yes, yes, I’ve been a downright fool,
 “A Country Parish Parson’s tool;
 “But I’ll be off—I’ll pay no longer
 “My money to this Jockey-monger;
 “Yet first, to end the whole, I’ll offer,
 “Five hundred pounds from out my coffer,
 “And if the fellow does not chuse it,
 “Why, d——n him, he can but refuse it.”
 Shylock refus’d it, ^{or more} ~~since~~ ’twas fobbing,
 At best a stilish sort of robbing;
 He’d have it paid,—yes, every doit,
 The Jockey Club should set it right.
 To this the Baronet said, *No!*
 Thus stood the case in *statu quo*.

*Congratulates his Muse on being nearer Home than at the
Commencement of their Journey—The Muse and his Master
skirmish slightly with a Monster with a flowing Mane,
whose Name begins with an L.—(N. B. Not a Lion)—
The Poet scoldeth Dame Justice for sleeping—Ventureth
boldly into a Den of L——s—Cometh to a Conclusion—
and leaveth his Reader in the Dark.*

CANTO IV.

Now, Muse, our journey's end is near;
Indeed 'tis fact, I do declare;
But what, adzookers, is the matter,
That thus your teeth they chatter, chatter?
Why do you stand like Balaam's donkey?
What makes you grin so like a monkey?
Oh, ho! I see—'tis Mr. LAW,
Who mills the Muses with his paw:
Well, since there's no escape, we'll push,
And with his big wig have a brush:
Six dozen moons had shed their light,
But no more payments from the Knight,
And many a battle lost and won,
Since Shylock lost his *One Pound One*.
At last the Reverend Jockey brought
This *moral* matter into court.
O Justice! Justice! wert thou napping,
That such a thing as this could happen!

Thou should'st have ta'en a good horsewhip,
 And made both Knight and Parson skip;
 A case replete with such disgrace,
 Should ne'er have come before *thy* face.
 The Lawyers knock'd their heads together,
 The Jury chatter'd of the weather:
 Soon as the Lawyers ceas'd their war,
 The Learned J——e explain'd the Law
 Upon the case—that is, as how
 It would have been—had it been so.
 The Jury then, with sense profound,
 A verdict 'gainst the Plaintiff found.

Here, sportive ridicule, awhile give way,
 While from my *heart* spontaneously I say:—
 England! lov'd Country! thou art dear to me,
 Because—thy Children from their birth are *free*!
 Because thy Laws are pure, thy Judges just,
 Impartial men, and upright in their trust;
 Because the *meanest* Peasant of thy soil
 A Jury guards!—I love thee, native Isle.

The case now over, must we stop?
 Say, Muse, must we now shut up shop?
 And is our stock in trade expended?
 And must this pretty tale be ended?
 Or shall we write now upon credit,
 That is, as other folks have said it,
 And try our Reader's strength of patience,
 And give him some new explanations,

As to the Parson's reasons why,
 For letting six long years pass by?
 What put him then in such a fury,
 And made the case come 'fore a Jury?
 Were I to tell what I've been told,
 Indeed I could "a tale unfold,"
 About a *Carriage* and *Taxation*,
 Which caus'd the Parson's irritation.
 Reader, I've led you near the mark,
 And now I'll leave you in the dark.

FINALE.

Good people all, my Muse is fled,
 And left me sorrowful and sad,
 And all alone!
 What shall I do? Why, ve-ri-ly,
 To sing a *new* song I will try,
 To an *old* tune.

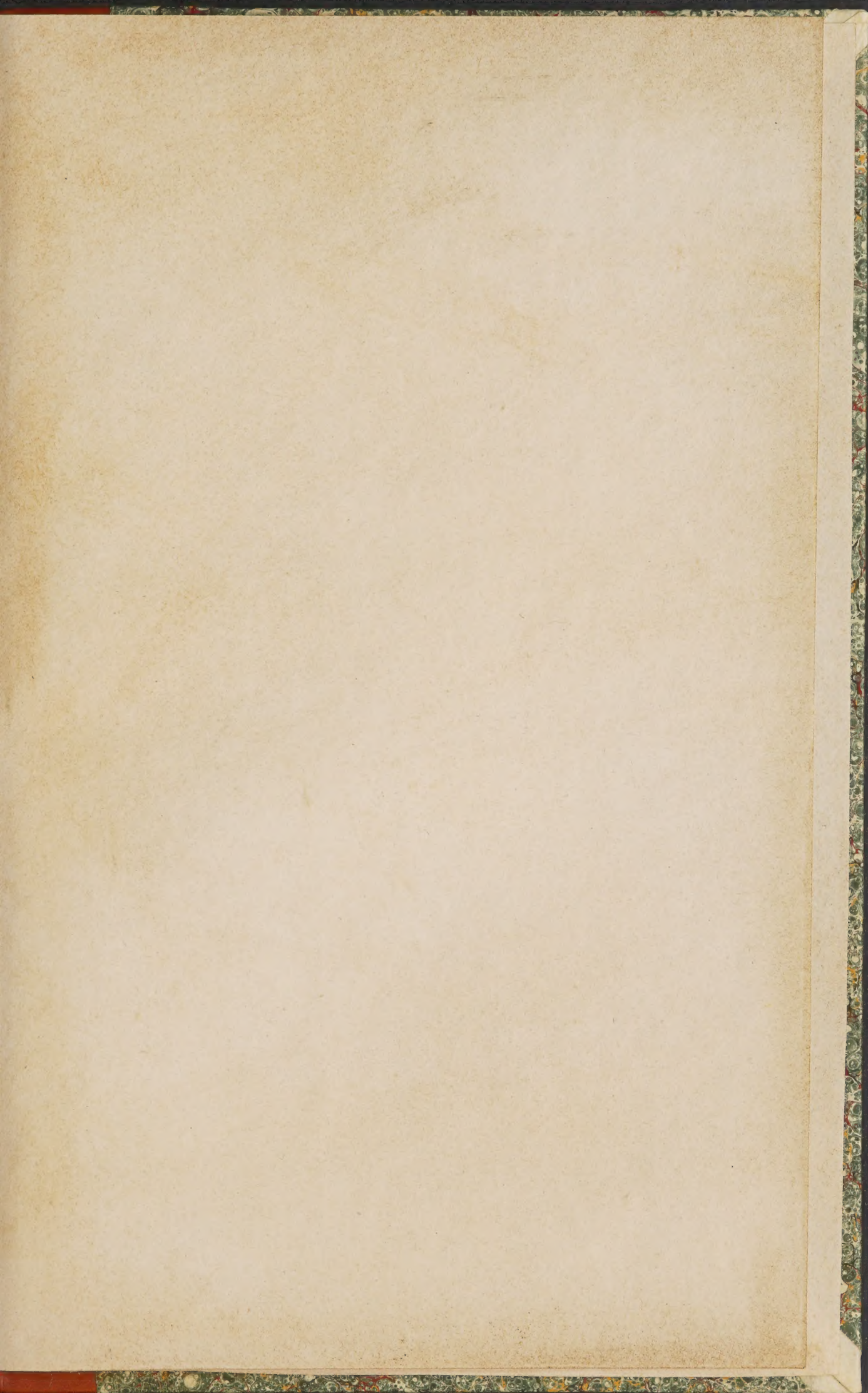
SONG.

GO chatter to Frenchmen and slaves, d'ye see,
 'Bout subjection, and fear, and all that;
 In Old England's lov'd Isle 'tis our pride to be free,
 And for *Great Men* we care not a sprat;

Unless like our Prince, who so well fills his station;
 Whose soul is the seat of true worth;
 Whose cause is the cause of the King and the Nation;
 They owe more to *merit* than birth.

I have heard people say, mind your P's and your Q's,
 Whenever you write upon *Great Men*;
 But, adzookers, says I—why look at the *News*,
 And see how they write upon Statesmen:
 Then why may not I, in a lesser degree,
 And free from ill-nature or *Party*,
 Shew the follies of those who *examples* should be,
 In my Poem about Bonaparte?

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